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Daily Mirror

OUT TO-DAY.
HOME CHATThe most widely-
read Women's
Weekly in the
world.

No. 293.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

LADY CURZON AT THE AGE OF 16.



A hitherto-unpublished photograph of Lady Curzon at the age of sixteen. Although her ladyship is not out of danger yet, her condition shows a marked improvement.

THE RUSH FOR THE PICCADILLY "POPULAR" CAFE.



The crowd waiting yesterday morning to enter the new Piccadilly "Pop." On the right is seen the first diner at Mr. "Joe" Lyons's magnificent new café.

MUTE SALVATIONIST PREACHER.



Mr. Malcolm Weber, the deaf-mute Salvationist, who delivered an address at a Salvation Army barracks at Shepherd's Bush. In this picture is seen one of the "lightning sketches," symbolic of the reclamation of sinners, which he executed during the address.

ADMIRAL LAMBTON'S APPOINTMENT.



Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, who has just been appointed rear-admiral for the cruiser division of the Mediterranean Fleet.—(Russell, South-sea.)

PRETTY POLLY IN PARIS AND THE HORSE THAT DEFEATED HER.



The race for the Prix du Conseil Municipal at Longchamps. Major Eustace Loder's wonderful filly, Pretty Polly, had travelled to Paris to run in this race, where she was defeated for the first time, by an outsider.



Presto II. returning to the paddock after beating Pretty Polly.—(Photographs by Rol, Tresca, Paris.)

SOMETHING NEW IN CAFÉS.

FRESH DEPARTURE

BY

MESSRS. J. LYONS & CO., LTD.

LYONS' "Popular" Café, which has just been erected opposite St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, opened yesterday, introducing to London a reform in cafés.

There is nothing in existence in London like Lyons' "Popular" Café. It blends magnificence with small prices, providing luxury for the people, and enabling the million to dine like the millionaire.

The place is of palatial proportions, consisting of a very large ground floor restaurant, an enormous grand hall, a commodious banqueting hall, spacious lobby entrance, cloak rooms, service-rooms, etc.

The whole building, in fact, with its entire de-

coration, is an abode not for the rich alone, but for the people, the millions, who, while they may like luxury of environment, yet have to study carefulness of purse. The proprietors claim that all this magnificence may be enjoyed with prices for fare which are not to be found lower anywhere else.

Inspection of the menu is confidently invited in support of this claim. There are, for those who so desire, table d'hôte meals—luncheons, 1s. 6d. (four courses) or 2s. 6d. (seven courses and dessert); dinners 2s. 6d. (seven courses and dessert) or 3s. 6d. (ten courses and dessert); supper sandwiches (plate of six) 6d.; or grill suppers 1s. 6d. (five courses); while for those who prefer a la carte service a novelty is forthcoming in the fact that many of the dishes may be divided, permitting the enjoyment of several courses, at what is usually the cost of one. Soups may be had from 6d.; Fish, 6d.; Entrées and Joints, 10d.; Chops, 10d.; Steaks, 11d.; and other dishes at correspondingly low prices. All wines and drinks, too, are at popular prices, with magnums of good red wine from 2s. 3d. to quarter-bottles at 5d.

MUSICAL TEAS.

The afternoon musical teas will be one of the special features of the establishment. The main floor café and balcony will be exclusively utilised for this purpose from 3 to 6 p.m., and ladies out shopping will undoubtedly appreciate the arrangements which have been made to please them. Silver tea services and daintiness in every detail are the keynotes of these afternoon teas, but that elegance will not exclude economy becomes clear from the prices charged, such as exquisite tea at 3d. per pot, 2d. each for delicious new-made pastries, tea-cakes, buttered toasted muffins, and the like. The band will play continuously during the afternoons.

NO "TIPS."

It is estimated that 2,000 guests may be accommodated simultaneously, and all served with the greatest expedition; and the mention of the service brings a reminder of another reform which the "Popular" Café will start. A genuine endeavour will be made

to abolish all "tips." There will be no charge for attendance, and there will be nothing expected by the waiters. The public have often protested against the "tipping" system. They will here find

it non-existent. A very extended experience in catering has indicated that one of London's great wants is a centrally situated hall for popular public dinners—the annual gatherings of cricket and football clubs, trade associations, and the like. Hence the inclusion in the plan of the "Popular" Café of a Banquet Hall, with its own special entrance from Jermyn-street. Here public dinners from 3s. per head will be accommodated in a style never before attempted at the price.

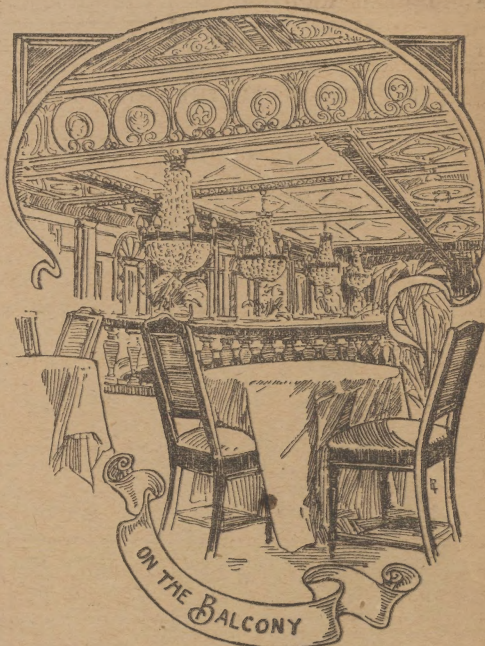
The proportions of the place have been described as palatial; the decorations are undoubtedly those of a palace. Taking first the main floor café, the treatment of the walls is in hand-painted panels of small design with satin wood paneling and gilded enrichments, let in and supported by linked pillars of Sienna and Sky-ross marble. The ceiling exhibits pergolesni enrichments picked out with delicate tints of greys, gold-browns, heliotrope, and green, with gilded mouldings running round. The ceiling light is cloisonné glass in colours outlined in gold wires to show up the design. A marble staircase leads to the balcony, which has a Greek marble balustrade with gilded enrichments. The lighting arrangements consist of four large electroliters and 40 smaller ones, suspended from the ceiling, with ormolu mountings filled with wedgwood plaques and cut glass. No artificial lighting, however, is required during the day.

ABOUT THE DECORATIONS.

Another marble staircase leads through a hall, to the grand hall, to which there is an entrance also by a green and silver staircase from Jermyn-street. This is one of the largest cafés in the world. It has marble-lined walls and arched recesses supported on columns of Sienna marble. The spandrels of the arches are filled in with dull red Venetian mosaic, with designs outlined in gold and filled in with various shades of mother-of-pearl, and each recess contains a mirror framed in green bronze. Of the Banquet Room, with its rich green walls and artistic ceiling; of the Lobby Entrance, with its Roman and mosaic floor and coloured panels; and of the Entrance Hall, with its white statuary and ormolu mouldings, one might write pages of

technical description; but certain practical details require space for mention. Each floor, for instance, has separate kitchen service with pneumatic tube connections and electric lifts. The whole of the kitchens and offices are entirely lined with white glazed tiles.

There are cold chambers set apart for the proper keeping of lager beer, and machinery is fitted for nicely adjusting the temperatures of the cellars



to suit the different red and white wines. An enormous outlay has been incurred to secure perfect ventilation, the spent air being extracted from the ceilings of the different rooms through ornamental gratings worked into the decorations, while fresh air is introduced at all sides of the rooms at a low level through hidden gratings, this being introduced after having been purified and warmed or cooled to suit the temperature of the season.

MUSIC ALL DAY.

A high-class orchestra will perform daily, and here another ingenious innovation may be recorded. Too often at restaurants, while the band in one room is playing something, say, from "Lohengrin," the musicians in another room interrupt it with a Souza march or a Strauss waltz.

Here the orchestra is suspended between the ground floor and balcony and the grand hall. It is equally audible in both, and the guest hears the same music wherever he goes.

Nobody will be able to miss the "Popular" at night—the blaze of outside illuminations will light up Piccadilly for hundreds of yards.



corations, designs, and arrangements, might well have been constructed for a restaurant as expensive as any London, New York, or Paris can show. And here comes in the great novelty of the plan.

"The most luxurious Café that London has ever seen."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

LYONS' "POPULAR" CAFÉ,

PICCADILLY, W. (facing St. James's Hall).

LUXURY FOR THE MILLION.

Music All Day.

No "Tips."

IDE OF WAR TURNS.

Japanese Strategically Retreating on Liao-yang.

KUROPATKIN REINFORCED.

The last few days have witnessed a startling reversal of positions in Manchuria.

It is now the Russians who are pressing forward, while the Japanese Army is cautiously falling back on Liao-yang, seeking the most favourable position for the momentous engagement that is impending.

Confirmation has been received of the statement at General Mitchenko's that he has manoeuvred the Japanese out of Ben-tsia-putse, a most important centre of communication, about sixteen miles south of Mukden, on the road to Liao-yang.

The Russian forces, sweeping southward on both sides of the railway line, have caused the Japanese to abandon several other positions of minor importance.

This news would seem to confirm the St. Petersburg reports of the material reinforcements received by Kuropatkin within the past few weeks. One of these reports states that 3,000 men are now reaching Liao-yang every day.

If the news of an artillery engagement near Mukden is correct, the Japanese would appear to have been suddenly swept forward with their left arm facing the Russian right, with the object of breaking in behind the advancing Russians.

MIKADO'S MESSAGE.

Necessity for Patience and Steadfastness.

TOKYO, Monday.—The Emperor has issued a brief rescript to his people.

"Since the outbreak of the war," says his Majesty, "our Army and our Navy have demonstrated their bravery and loyalty, while both officials and people have acted in unison to support the cause. So far success has attended our cause, but the ultimate accomplishment being yet very distant it is necessary to be patient and steadfast in the pursuance of our action, and then aim at the final accomplishment of our purpose."—Reuter's Special Service.

FACE TO FACE.

Japan Presents Front 46 Miles Long to Russian Advance.

An account of the Russian success at Ben-tsia-putse is published by the St. Petersburg paper *Russ*.

The Japanese, it is stated, had strongly fortified all the positions they occupied, particularly Ben-tsia-putse, but had neglected to fortify a certain hill from which, if occupied by the Russians, an irresistible flank fire could be directed on the Ben-tsia-putse defences. The Russians seized the opportunity, took possession of the hill, and, with a simultaneous turning movement against the Japanese right flank, forced the Japanese to retire after some brief outpost fighting, in which there were small losses on both sides.

The Japanese front is seventy versts (forty-six miles) in extent.

Admiral Alexieff and his staff are at Mukden.

SERIOUS FIGHT PROCEEDING.

PARIS, Monday.—The Moscow correspondent of the "Temps" states that a serious artillery engagement is proceeding on the Russian right twelve miles from Mukden.

PORT ARTHUR'S RATINGS.

beleaguered Garrison Fed by Blockade-Running Junks.

NAPLES, Monday.—The "Mattino" has interviewed M. Verblumsky (Inspector-General of the Russo-Chinese Navigation Company) who escaped from Port Arthur on a junk.

M. Verblumsky said that the fortress would never yield from starvation, as there was a considerable store of provisions to start with, and the place was being constantly revictualled by Chinese junks.

There were only eighty-five women at Port Arthur, all of whom were engaged in Red Cross work. Three restaurants still kept open.

The military force at General Stoessel's disposal, according to M. Verblumsky, consists of 23,000 soldiers and 16,000 sailors.—Reuter.

JAPANESE ATTACKS REPULSED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—In the assault on Port Arthur on the 4th, 5th, and 6th inst., the Japanese were repulsed with great loss.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

Moderate south-westerly winds; cloudy; moderate and mild; occasional slight rain.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER (Lighting-up time: 6.15 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth to moderate generally.)

U.S. RAILWAY SMASH.

Thirty-three World's Fair Excursionists Killed.

NEW YORK, Monday.—A telegram from Warrensburg, Missouri, reports a terrible collision on the Missouri-Pacific Railway between a passenger train and a freight train going in opposite directions.

Thirty-three dead bodies have been taken out of the debris, besides thirty persons more or less seriously injured.

The passenger train was the second section of a train from Wichita to St. Louis. The first coach was telegraphed.

A score of World's Fair excursionists were killed outright.

It appears that the driver of the freight train neglected his orders to go on to a siding and wait for the other train to pass.—Reuter.

TIRED OF KAISERGRAMS.

Germans Protest Against the Emperor's Lippe Message.

The German Emperor is about to receive a rebuff which will be difficult to tolerate. It will take the form of a protest by his own people against one of his innumerable telegrams.

When the old Regent of Lippe-Deimold died the Kaiser wished the regency to be given to the Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, his brother-in-law.

But the little German State preferred the son of the old Regent, Count Ernst, of Lippe-Biesterfeld. To this Prince the Kaiser sent a telegram offering condolences on the death of his father, but saying plainly that he could not recognise him as Regent.

This telegram caused a veritable outburst of public opinion in Germany, where the newspapers have been criticising the Emperor in such a way that the law of lese Majesté seems to be a dead letter.

Now the Government of Lippe-Deimold, it is said, is to bring forward in the Lippe-Deimold Diet a protest against the Emperor's action, which has only been delayed in order that its terms shall be the more strong.

MAW OF THE SEA.

Fighting to Defend a Railway Near Holyhead.

An exciting battle between a railway company and the sea is in progress on the Flintshire shore of the estuary of the Dee.

All last week an army of workmen, over 500 strong, was defending the Holyhead line of the London and North-Western Railway Company, which lies only some 180 yards inland from where the sea recently made a breach sixty yards wide in the shore embankment.

Almost every tide leaves fresh evidence of the determination of the sea to submerge the low-lying fields alongside the railway, and the situation is one of supreme anxiety for the railway.

On Saturday a 20ft. tide was swept in by a storm from the north-west, and severely tested the first line of defence. The gap in the shore embankment was widened and deepened, and in other parts this embankment was badly eroded.

To-day the railway defences will undergo their severest test, for a tide of 21ft. 6in. is due. It is now, apparently, too late to save the land, but the railway must be defended at all costs.

The railway embankment is being stone-faced as a permanent protection; and as a further temporary precaution thousands of bags of sand and clay, also a great quantity of stone have been flung into the gap with a view of stopping the tide. Pictures on page 8.

PRINCESS AS PAINTER.

Duchess of Argyll's Portrait of Paderewski Placed on Exhibition.

Princess Louise (the Duchess of Argyll) opened the second exhibition of the Art and Aid Association, of which she is patroness, at Alton, Hants, yesterday afternoon.

Lord Northbrook, in introducing her Royal Highness, spoke of her achievements in art and sculpture, and congratulated her on the success of her portrait of Paderewski, which she had sent to the exhibition.

Besides the portrait of Paderewski, her Royal Highness painted another picture of a lady reclining on a sofa, entitled "Dorothy."

DEATHS IN WRECKED BUILDING.

CHILL, Monday.—Fifty men were killed or injured here to-day owing to the collapse of a building in the course of construction.—Reuter.

CLUB SUICIDE.

Tragic Sequel to New York Slander Suit.

NEW YORK, Monday.—Mr. Frank de Peyster Hall, a well-known New York club man, has committed suicide.

The deceased had begun an action for slander against two other club men, Mr. Alfred Bond, president of the Calumet Club, and Mr. George Carnack, secretary of the New York Yacht Club.

He claimed \$20,000 damages, and the action was to have come up for hearing to-day. Mr. Hall charged the defendants with spreading false reports accusing him of disgraceful practices.—Reuter.

KING RETURNS TO LONDON.

His Majesty to Leave for Newmarket To-day.

After his holiday in Scotland, King Edward returned from Balmoral to London yesterday, reaching Buckingham Palace in the evening.

His Majesty will, according to present arrangements, leave St. Pancras this afternoon by the mid-day train for Newmarket.

From Balmoral Castle yesterday morning, in beautiful weather, the King travelled in a motor-car along the north British road to Ballater station, where a guard of honour, of the 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders, was drawn up.

At Aberdeen several of the city officials were present, and his Majesty, summoning the Lord Provost Walker to the saloon, had a short conversation with him. The Duke of Connaught, who had travelled as far as this with the King, took leave of his Majesty to make a series of inspections of the military stations at Aberdeen.

While visiting the Gordon Highlanders' Memorial Institute he announced that the King would present his photograph to the institute.

SOLICITOR'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Well-known Lawyer Killed on His Way to Church.

Profound sorrow has been caused in Bromley by the tragic death of Mr. Walter Henry Bosanquet, solicitor to the Bankers' Association, and brother of the Common Serjeant of London.

The body of Mr. Bosanquet was discovered at 8.30 on Sunday night lying in a terribly mutilated condition on the railway line at Sundridge Park station, about half a mile from his home at Hope Park. He had left the house two and a half hours earlier to attend evening service at the parish church.

It is practically certain that he was run over by the train that left Bromley for London at 7.35, but how he came to be on the line it is impossible to say. The theory held, however, is that after wandering into the station he fell on to the line.

His body was quite unrecognisable when it was found. His Bible and Prayer-book were in one of the pockets of his coat. An inquest will be held to-day.

ROWDYISM AND RELIGION.

"To Make the Name of 'Protestant' Stink."

Scenes of rowdyism characterised a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel held last night in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, consequent upon the alleged sympathy of Bishop Chavasse with the Ritualists at the recent Church Congress.

The bishop's remarks, and those of the Bishop of Madagascar, were almost unheard in the turbulence that prevailed. Rival hymns were sung simultaneously by both parties composing the assembly, with the result that the meeting was rendered practically worthless.

Bishop Chavasse told the disturbers that they were going far to make the great name of Protestant stink.

SUFFOCATED IN A RAILWAY TUNNEL.

SARNIA (Ontario), Monday.—A freight train, while proceeding through St. Clair tunnel, under the St. Clair River, yesterday morning, broke in two, and the engine in the endeavour to haul out the trucks threw off such a quantity of gas that six train hands, including the engineer, were suffocated, while four were rescued in a dangerous condition.—Laffan.

CITY MARSHAL'S FAILURE.

The financial affairs of Captain Stanley, the ex-City Marshal, were investigated at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

He attributed his insolvency to having incurred liabilities on bills for which he received no consideration. His liabilities are about £1,300, and assets nil.

SOCIETY MURDER.

Italian Countess, Father, and Lover Charged.

368 WITNESSES.

There will stand in the dock at the Turin Assizes to-day a young and lovely countess, charged with the murder of her husband.

This prisoner is the Countess Theodolinda Bonmartini, a leading figure in Italian society.

Beside her will stand her father, Professor Murri, an eminent oculist; her brother, Tullio Murri, an advocate; her lover, Professor Carlo Secchi; Dr. Pio Naldi; and Rosa Bonetti. These five persons are charged as accomplices in the crime.

The trial is expected to last several weeks, for there are no fewer than 368 witnesses to be examined.

AN ITALIAN ROUE.

Count Bonmartini, the murdered man, bore a somewhat doubtful reputation. When, in August, 1902, his body was found lying in a pool of blood in his Bologna flat, with a wound in the throat, the police were inclined to regard the crime as a tragic sequel to one of his love affairs.

But some letters found in the flat led to the arrest of Professor Murri, the father of the countess, and the girl Bonetti, mistress of Tullio Murri.

Finally Tullio Murri was also arrested, and made a statement to the effect that he had accidentally killed the Count.

The woman Bonetti told another story implicating Dr. Pio Naldi and her lover, Tullio Murri. The police then arrested Dr. Pio Naldi, whose confession brought the Countess into the toils of the law.

His statement was that the Countess loved Professor Carlo Secchi, a medical man, and that she had plotted with him her husband's murder.

STORY OF THE CRIME.

It was the Countess who obtained a wax impression of the key of the Count's flat in Bologna. With a key made from this Tullio Murri and Naldi entered the flat on the night of August 27, 1902.

The Count was out, and in silence they awaited his return. Presently the doomed man entered. Murri sprang upon him and dragged him down, while Naldi, profiting by his anatomical knowledge, gave him a fatal stab in the throat. Then they spread the room with feminine belongings to divert the suspicions of the police.

The arrest of the countess and Professor Secchi followed this disclosure. Correspondence discovered in their possession amply proved their love for each other and the existence of the plot.

GIRL'S EXCUSES FOR THEFT.

Robs Her Master of £440, Spends Some, Hides the Rest.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—A merchant of Joinville has been robbed of £440 by his servant, a girl of the name of Carlier, who broke open the drawer of his cabinet.

She was found by the police in the evening riding about in a cab. She had bought a leg of mutton, a regulator watch, and a funeral wreath.

Asked by the police about these things, she said that the funeral wreath was for the tomb of a friend who had been deserted by her own family, the watch was for another friend, who was always fined for coming late to work, and the leg of mutton for a sick friend, who had been ordered meat by the doctor, but was too poor to afford it.

As for the rest of the £440, she said that the police should have watched her if they really had been able to discover it. She assured them that it was safely hidden, because it was to form an income for a very poor family.

ACROBATIC MACHINE.

Zutka, the mysterious doll acrobat, that is 6ft. 4in. in height and can be squeezed into a small box, was exhibited at the London Hippodrome yesterday.

To the amazement of the audience it turned a number of somersaults when hanging from swinging rings, looked round like a man, and then was doubled up into its coffin-like box. See page 8.

DISASTER IN A RUSSIAN MINE.

BAKHMIT (Ekaterinoslav), Monday.—As the cage was being drawn up in the Vosnesen Mine the cord broke, and the twelve men in it were hurled to the bottom of the shaft. Nine were killed instantaneously.—Reuter.

DEATH OF AN M.P.

Mr. Heywood Johnstone, M.P. for Horsham Division of Sussex, who recently underwent an operation, died yesterday.

GEYSERS OF GAS.

Fatal Explosion at Saitley Gasworks.

HEROISM OF FIREMEN.

A terrific explosion occurred at the Saitley Gasworks, Birmingham, early yesterday morning, causing the death of one man and serious injuries to four more.

The disaster took place in the grey dawn, when early toilers going to their work in the district were startled by a lurid flash of light followed immediately by the roar of a violent explosion.

Houses were shaken to their foundations, and every window in the neighbourhood was shattered to fragments.

In a second the streets were full of dismayed people seeking the cause of their sudden and violent awakening.

Within an incredibly short space of time the red glare that hung over the gasworks had attracted a crowd of many thousands to the spot. The sight that met their eyes was a weird and fantastic one.

Buildings Wrecked.

One part of the buildings—the purifying-house—had been completely wrecked, parts of the material that composed it being blown hundreds of yards away.

The firemen were working their hardest upon the ruins, from which long tongues of blue flame kept shooting up, accompanied by violent and startling reports.

The word passed from mouth to mouth that such a catastrophe must have caused heavy loss of human life. Fortunately this was not the case.

The first examination of the ruins revealed the presence of four injured men, who were at once removed to the hospital. From them it was learned that the night valve-man, Frederick Jordan, should also have been upon the premises.

The search for the missing man was prosecuted by the firemen amid frequent explosions of gas and continuous outbreaks of fire.

His terribly mangled body was finally discovered under a square pillar of great weight.

In order to recover the corpse one of the firemen mounted a ladder, which was supported by his comrades, and standing in the midst of flames and choking fumes, succeeded in casting a strong rope round the pillar.

The pillar was then moved, and the body, pitifully disfigured and mangled, was recovered.

The explosion was caused by a rapid escape of gas from the purifying boxes, to prevent which Jordan called in the assistance of the four injured men.

It is possible that, owing to the darkness, a naked light was used, and came into contact with the escaping gas.

The effects of the explosion extended over a radius of two miles.

FRENCH SAVANTS AND THE BOY.

Crowding Round a Little Oot in the Children's Hospital.

The French tricolour floated yesterday over the Royal College of Physicians, in honour of the visit of a hundred and fifty French doctors, now in London as the guests of the metropolitan hospitals' staffs.

They devoted the whole of yesterday to a tour of the hospitals and institutions, and seemed specially delighted with their visit to the children's hospital in Great Ormond-street.

They were particularly struck with the cleanliness and airiness of the wards, and the fact that "these windows are kept open day and night."

The crown was set on their joy by the discovery of a small French boy in a corner of one of the wards. He was convalescing after fever.

They crowded round him, patted, gesticulated, and chattered. The boy appeared to appreciate the situation to the full.

He responded volubly, and when one generous "Medicia" put his hand in his pocket, and extracted a small silver coin the child's eyes glistened, and he fairly cowered with delight.

ILLNESS OF MR. CHARLES MORTON.

Mr. Charles Morton, the veteran manager of the Palace Theatre, is not confined to his room, and will not be able to resume his duties at the theatre for some time.

He caught a severe cold returning home one night from the theatre, and at his advanced age of eighty-six years, it is not easily shaken off.

The directors of the Palace have strong hopes that Mr. Morton will soon pull through.

"JOHN CHILCOTE" ON THE STAGE.

Mr. George Alexander has acquired the rights for the United Kingdom and America of a new play entitled "John Chilcote," by Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, founded on the author's story now being published serially in the "Daily Mail."

"GAIETY" FOUNDER DEAD.

Mr. John Hollingshead Dies in His 77th Year.

Mr. John Hollingshead, the founder of the Gaiety Theatre, died at his house in Fulham-road yesterday morning.

For three weeks he had been battling with heart trouble, and for days before the end he had been kept alive with inhalations of oxygen and injections of strychnine.

His wife attended him during his last hours, and, fully conscious of the near approach of death, he spent much of Sunday night recounting the incidents of his seventy-seven eventful years of life.

To within a few days of the end he maintained his wonderful mental vigour and activity. It was only on Friday night that he finally gave up working.

Then, having an article to write for one of the Manchester papers, he turned to his wife and exclaimed: "Darling, I feel I must give up. I can't write that letter."

A sketch of his interesting life, and a selection from his great store of anecdotes, will be found on page 10.

The funeral will take place at Brompton on Friday afternoon next.

NEW THAMES FLEET.

London County Council Placing the Contracts for Thirty New Boats.

The London County Council is making steady progress toward carrying out their scheme for providing a cheap fast service of steamers on the Thames.

It is stated by the "Glasgow Herald" that the contract for thirty steamers is likely to be distributed as follows:—

Ten to be placed with Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., Newcastle; ten with Palmer, of Jarrold-Tyne; and the remaining ten with Napier and Miller, Glasgow.

There is a desire, however, to place the last ten with a Thames firm, despite the fact that the Clyde shipbuilders were the third lowest.

CLERGYMAN'S DRINK CURE.

London Vicar Who Claims To Have Found an Infallible Medicine.

The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, whose portrait is reproduced on page 8, claims to have discovered a cure for the drink craving.

The vicar is now publicly testing this cure, and he says he has had astonishing results amongst the patients under his own special care.

Mr. Chapman is ready to answer any letter and to take any trouble whatever in the cases of all who apply, and he says he guarantees absolute success, however bad the case may be, provided the patient rigidly adheres to his extremely simple conditions.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT SEQUEL.

Girl Sent to Prison at Her Former Lover's Instance.

A remarkable sequel to a lovers' quarrel was provided in Whitechapel County Court yesterday.

For refusing to obey an order to give up to her former lover a diamond engagement ring Miss Sarah Cooles, of Charles-street, Stepney, was ordered by Judge Bacon to be committed to Holloway Gaol.

When Solomon Groginski, who is a hairdresser, of St. George's-road, E., requested the Judge to take this course yesterday his Honour was obviously surprised. "Do you really mean to ask me to send Sarah Cooles to Holloway?"

Groginski made no reply, but folded his arms and frowned severely at the Judge.

Judge Bacon: Very well. Let Sarah Cooles be committed to prison.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FAITH IN SCOTS.

Mr. Chamberlain, writing to Sir Thomas Dewar, at Perth, says he confidently relies on the intelligence of Scottish Unionists, with regard to his policy.

He is more than ever convinced that the policy adopted sixty years ago must be modified to suit the new conditions.

MR. MORLEY'S AMERICAN TRIP.

Mr. John Morley, M.P., will leave Liverpool for New York in the Celtic next Friday, and is expected to proceed at once to Canada. In the course of his visit to the United States he is to be the guest of the President at the White House.

HOOTING A DUKE.

Wild Scenes at the Chartered Company's Meeting.

There was a pandemonium-like scene at the Cannon-street Hotel yesterday when the Duke of Abercorn presided over an extraordinary meeting of the shareholders of the British South Africa Company.

The Duke proposed that the capital should be increased from five to six million pounds by the issue of another million shares of a pound each.

A noisy discussion followed. Angry dissenting shareholders shouted their disapproval from every part of the crowded hall. When a show of hands was called for the objectors yelled themselves hoarse, and the din was ear-splitting.

The noble chairman declared the proposal he had made carried, and proceeded to put the second resolution, which dealt with the underwriting arrangements.

The shouts of the objectors drowned his voice, and hoots and yells of "No" greeted the resolution. Finding it was impossible to make himself heard through the storm the Duke eventually hurriedly gathered up his papers and left the hall.

The meeting finally broke up after nearly three hours of shouting.

At the general meeting which preceded this one the Duke of Abercorn said he was convinced that there was no real reason for the pessimistic views of South Africa's prospects.

He took a hopeful view of the future of the company, but thought the only solution of the labour question was the introduction of indentured Chinese labour.

GOOD NEWS OF LADY CURZON.

Second Operation Will Probably Not Be Necessary.

The latest report from Walmer Castle is reassuring.

Last night it was reported that Lady Curzon had passed another good day, and that her strength had been well maintained.

Happily, it is considered that a second operation will not now be necessary.

The peritonitis is slowly yielding to treatment, but unfortunately symptoms of phlebitis (inflammation of the veins) has appeared, which necessitates additional care being taken of the patient.

Dr. Champneys remained at the castle yesterday, and Dr. Cheyne was expected to return to the castle last night.

Mrs. Leiter was at the castle with her daughter for some time yesterday.

"LIVE" RAIL TRESPASSERS.

Mr. Yerkes's Engineer Blames Careless People for Getting Hurt.

Professor Silvanus Thompson's statement that the "live" rail system on electric railways is not only dangerous, but is already obsolete, has been received with amazement by electrical engineers.

"The 'live' rail, as used on the Central London Railway," said Mr. Chapman, the chief engineer at Mr. Yerkes's office, "has a better record for safety than the overhead system, because the latter wires are always liable to break and fall to the ground, causing accidents."

"Now, the 'live' rail, although exposed and within the reach of the public, precautions can be taken, and it can be guarded against."

"The people who get hurt by the 'live' rail are trespassers, who have no right to be on the railway lines."

OLD POWDER EXPLODES.

Ancient Gunroom Stores Blow Up in Dublin Bank.

The Bank of Ireland, Dublin—once the Irish House of Parliament—was yesterday the scene of an extraordinary explosion, by which four persons were injured.

For nearly a hundred years there have lain in the gun-room a number of old flintlock muskets and a quantity of gunpowder. Their presence in the bank was due to the fact that at one time there was no police or military guard, and the officials had to protect the building themselves.

Yesterday a bank porter was exhibiting these relics to a party of visitors, and a man named Forester began to examine one of the old muskets. Being assured it was not loaded he pulled the trigger and struck a spark out of the flint. This flew into an open box containing eight cartridges, each loaded with a pound of gunpowder.

There was a violent explosion, which threw the four persons in the room heavily upon the floor. Their faces were so severely burned that they were at once removed to the hospital.

No damage was done to the building, which is one of the finest in the City.

"MY FIRST PLAY."

Mr. Stead Relates His Theatrical Sensations

VIEWS OF "THE TEMPEST."

"A living lie, a travesty of history."

Thus does Mr. W. T. Stead, who until a few days ago had never been to a theatre, describe "His Majesty's Servant," the play produced at the Imperial Theatre by Mr. Lewis Waller last week.

"The play is not immoral," Mr. Stead admits. "But I reject its falsity. With plays of this sort the theatre can never claim to be a teacher of either history or human nature."

He objects to the stage representation of a Puritan, which he says is not true to history, and is utterly absurd, and makes several other objections to the play.

Mr. Lewis Waller was asked for his opinion of this outspoken criticism yesterday afternoon, but he declined to be drawn. Smiling good-temperedly he said to a *Mirror* representative: "Mr. Stead has a perfect right to say whatever he likes. I consider any comment from me would be superfluous."

Criticism of "The Tempest."

But Mr. Stead's visit to the Imperial was the second he has paid to a theatre. His first theatrical experience was at His Majesty's, where he saw Mr. Tree's production of "The Tempest," and in today's "Review of Reviews" his description of his impressions covers eight pages.

The production failed to come quite up to the Staudesque ideal of what "The Tempest" on the stage ought to be. In fact, "The Tempest" in the theatre to Mr. Stead is like a storm in a teacup.

It lacks the boundless freedom which he devotes a large part of the article to proving exists for the proper representation of it in his own imagination. The theatrical version does not satisfy Mr. Stead's conception, which he formed as a boy forty years ago.

But, on the whole, he is complimentary. Although "Ariel's" conventional wings jarred on him," and the shipwreck scene "reminded him of Earl's Court," his comprehensive verdict is, "If all plays are like this play the prejudice against the theatre is absurd."

Some of his keenest criticism is reserved for Prospero, or, rather, the gentleman who took Prospero's part. It is pointed out that Mr. Stead himself was for four years editor of "Borderland," and therefore knows something about what a "Lord of Borderland" ought to be.

Mr. Tree's Caliban.

Prospero speaks out well, but he is not "mystic and marvellous," that happy "combination of Roger Bacon, Faust, and Shakespeare" that existed in Mr. Stead's boyish imaginings. No! Prospero, he says, would "probably feel no compunction in sitting as a police magistrate in Black-pool or London."

The Caliban of Mr. Tree is somewhat nearer to the former editor of "Borderland's" ideal. "It is a powerful creation, but not my Caliban."

"The character of Caliban is one with whom I have always felt a deep sympathy," he adds, and then demonstrates that Caliban is a type of the lower classes, the down-trodden lower classes.

In the last scene of the last act Mr. Stead sees a "prophetic forecast of the general election of 1905, when poor Caliban, after having suffered many things in his drunken delirium, suddenly comes to his senses."

SCENE IN A FLAT.

Woman Chases a Bailiff with a Sword and Pistol.

A county-court bailiff had an exciting couple of hours when he called at a flat in Tenham-avenue, Streatham-hill, with a warrant.

Mrs. Forman opened the door, and almost before he could explain what he wanted the lady snatched a portion of the warrant out of his hand and threw it into his face.

She then butted him in the stomach with her knee and seized him by the throat.

Not satisfied with that, she afterwards chased him round the flat with a sword and threatened him with a pistol, and then locked him up in a room for two hours until the arrival of her husband.

Mr. Forman tried to pacify the bailiff, but the latter insisted on taking out a summons, with the result that at the Wandsworth County Court yesterday Mrs. Forman was fined the maximum penalty of £5 and costs.

The Judge called her behaviour that of a lunatic.

SIXPENNE FOR A CUP OF TEA.

There is much grumbling in Yorkshire at the price of railway station refreshments.

The Vicar of Fieley, who has walked to the other end of Europe and back, states he was charged at York sixpence for a cup of tea, fourpence for bread and butter, and a penny for a seat.

A movement is on foot to agitate for lower charges.

SHOT AT SIGHT.

Poachers' Brutal Attack on a Gamekeeper.

HUNT FOR ASSAILANT.

The brutal attack on the Monmouthshire gamekeeper, Charles Cornish, who was shot down at sight by a poacher, occupied the attentions of the Under-Chief Constable and a large body of the county police yesterday, but up to a late hour last night no arrest had been made.

Wern Wood, between Pontypool and Abergavenny, the property of Captain Cook, of Goytre House, where the outrage took place, is a lonely spot.

Cornish, it appears, was making his usual round in the early evening of Saturday, when he heard shot fired somewhere in the brushwood. Naturally suspecting poachers he proceeded cautiously in the direction of the noise, and after walking some yards was surprised by the head of a man and a boy appearing from behind a hedge. The man at once turned a gun point blank on Cornish, and, without a moment's warning or a remark of any kind, fired.

Gamekeeper Blinded.

Cornish received the shot full in the face, and fell down. He was blinded, but in spite of his exhaustion from pain and loss of blood managed after a time to get to Goytre House.

Captain Cook at once sent off to Abergavenny for a doctor, but before the medical man arrived Cornish became unconscious. He had received about a dozen pellets in his face, one shattering his left eye.

Dr. Steel, after dressing Cornish's wounds, ordered his removal to his cottage, about a quarter of a mile away, where he now lies in a critical condition.

Soon after a messenger had been dispatched for the doctor and another was sent to fetch the police. A thorough search was made of Wern Wood, but as by this time darkness had fallen this did not prove very fruitful.

Not a trace of the poachers could be found, but later in the evening it was ascertained that a man and a boy had been seen proceeding from Goytre towards Abersychan Town, about two miles north of Pontypool, shortly after the outrage was committed.

In the morning several dead pheasants and a number of cartridges were found near the spot where Cornish met his assailants.

The injured gamekeeper stated yesterday that he would know the man and the boy again. The man was about 5ft. 9in. in height, and about forty years of age, and was wearing a brown coat and cap.

INFATUATION FOR ACTRESSES.

Youth Charged with Stealing Bank-notes and Jewellery.

The infatuation of William Spicer, a youth of eighteen, for two actresses is said to have been responsible for his appearance in the dock at Dover Quarter Sessions yesterday.

He was charged with stealing bank notes and jewellery of the value of £70. According to the police evidence some of the jewellery and £10 of the stolen money was given by Spicer to the actresses. The jewellery was recovered eventually by the London police.

Spicer was ordered to be detained in custody for three months.

HOW WAKES RESEMBLE WEDDINGS.

"I had been to a wake, and had a little too much Irish whisky," pleaded a domestic servant at West Ham Police Court yesterday.

The Magistrate: Wakes and weddings seem to have about the same effect. You will be fined 5s.

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

"DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, land-slides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

BANE OF PALMISTRY.

Youth Attempts Suicide After Having His Hand Read.

Palmistry, it was indicated by the evidence given at Bow-street yesterday, had conduced to some extent to Frank Horne, a well-dressed young man, nineteen years old, attempting to commit suicide in the Thames off Whitehall steps.

The youth's father told Sir Albert de Rutzen that he was very much afraid that his son had been influenced by two things—one was palmistry and the other had company.

He came home from a holiday at Brighton in a very bad state of intoxication, and the father had to reprimand him severely.

Sir Albert: What were you going to say about palmistry?

The Father: While he was at Brighton he went—whether for fun or not I don't know—to a palmist's there, and they told him certain things which—

Sir Albert: Oh, never mind about that. The magistrate directed that Horne should be remanded in custody.

BOUT WITH "HACKENSCHMIDT."

Policeman's Victory in an Exciting Wrestling Match.

"He struck me in the face and threatened to Hackenschmidt me," said P.C. Conway, 448V, at Marylebone Police Court, describing the violent conduct of James Brien, a market porter, whom he arrested for drunkenness at Kentish Town.

Then, suiting his actions to his words, the constable proceeded to give in the witness-box a graphic description of his wrestling match with Brien.

"He got hold of me round the legs to throw me," his recital ran, "but I jumped over him, and he went to the ground himself. I then caught hold of him and he threw me."

Mr. Plowden: More Hackenschmidt! "I managed, however," the constable went on, "to roll over on top of him, and asked him if he would go quietly if I let him get up. He said he would; but when he got up he kicked me. He didn't hurt me much, but my teeth rattled a bit."

Mr. Plowden fined Brien 20s., or fourteen days.

WORKMEN'S KICKS AND THREATS.

Extraordinary Scene Outside the City Temple Library Door.

The fury of the workmen's rage against the Rev. R. J. Campbell's sweeping criticisms has not yet abated.

Not content with their fierce demonstration on Sunday, a body of some twenty men presented themselves at the library door of the City Temple yesterday morning, and for several hours gave vent to their excited feelings by ringing the bell, kicking the door, and in language, the reverse of polite, discussing Mr. Campbell's animadversion.

The police were eventually summoned, and for the remainder of the afternoon a couple of stalwart constables kept guard at the Temple doors.

SUICIDE ON RECEIVING A WRIT.

After having been depressed by his financial difficulties for some time past Asker Wright, a beer merchant of Fulham, became utterly despondent when he received, on September 30, a writ issued in the High Courts for £86.

The same evening he was found lying in his office with his throat cut, and he subsequently died in the West London Hospital. A verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind was returned at the inquest yesterday.

JUDGE ON GOOD ADVICE.

"If you can't afford to consult a lawyer," remarked Judge Addison, K.C., to a defendant at Southwark County Court yesterday, "ask some sensible friend for his advice. I never give advice because if I did it might turn out to be wrong. "But if I did give advice," his Honour added, "I should advise people that the best way of keeping out of the way of the law is to act squarely and honestly."

NOTHING EASIER THAN LIES.

To a woman applying at West London Police Court for a summons against her husband for cruelty which had always occurred when no witnesses were present Mr. Lane, K.C., pointed out that the husband would simply come to the court and deny her accusations.

There is no difficulty in telling lies," the magistrate added. "It's the easiest thing in the world."

Heavy locomotives have proved so damaging to the London roads, and so block the traffic in narrow streets, that the London County Council intends to take action for their regulation.

GLAMOUR OF RICHES.

The Story of a Bogus Heir's Bigamy.

Not only is Harold Bensley, a young labourer, alleged to have defrauded a Paddington warehouseman and a Kensal Green locomotive inspector of their life savings by posing as the son of a baronet and heir to a large estate, but he is also accused of bigamy.

This charge was investigated at Willesden Police Court yesterday, when Bensley was brought up on remand. According to counsel for the Treasury, Bensley in 1901 deserted the wife whom he had married at Thetford, Norfolk, in August, 1898, after bringing her and their two children to London.

It was suggested that the reason for the desertion lay in the fact that in June of that year he had made the acquaintance of Miss Lillian Clapham, a barmaid, at Norwood. Bensley proposed marriage to this young lady, having first explained that he was the son of the mythical "Sir Robert Burrell, Mayor of Welford," and told the story of the fortune he would inherit from Miss Holland of Errieswell Court, from which he, of course, counsel said, derived additional lustre in the eyes of the lady.

He asked Miss Clapham to give up her situation, explaining that, as she was to be his wife, the position of a barmaid was not one proper to her station in life, and she accordingly left, in order that she might go to stay with Bensley's sister, Miss Lily "Burrell," somewhere in the country.

After she had left her place, counsel continued, Bensley, for the first time, informed her that his sister was abroad, and that they could not be married until he had obtained a sum of money from her. Miss Clapham, having nowhere to go, Bensley persuaded her to live with him as his wife at Homewood-street, Richmond.

Subsequently, on February 5, 1903, Bensley, under the name of Henry Burrell, went through a form of marriage with Miss Clapham at a registry office in Marylebone.

Evidence in support of this statement having been given, Bensley was again remanded.

FINANCING A PATENT BOOT.

Treasurer Charged with Defrauding a Football Association.

From the very day he commenced his duties as treasurer of the Cornwall Football Association, a post to which he was appointed in October, 1902, Henry Bettison Crabb, of Wadebridge, is alleged to have drawn upon the association's funds for the repayment of loans which he had negotiated.

Part of the deficiency of £172 in his accounts when it was stated at St. Columb Police Court yesterday, to meet financial obligations in connection with a patent boot he was bringing out.

Crabb took a prominent place in Nonconformist circles in Wadebridge, and was recently appointed superintendent of the Congregational Sunday school.

The magistrates committed him for trial.

BURIED PLUNDER.

Boys Hide Stolen Stamps in a Graveyard.

Three Norwich schoolboys chose two novel places in which to hide a quantity of stamps stolen from a post office.

The lads had at first £8 worth of stamps in their possession. They managed to sell more than half of them, but £3 worth they hid in a graveyard, and the rest they stuffed up a drain pipe.

Yesterday the young thieves were ordered to be birched, while one of them was told that, in addition, he would be sent to an industrial school.

CAUGHT BY A PLUCKY BARMALD.

By means of a walking stick, to which a wire prong covered with soft material was attached, Thomas Riley is alleged to have obtained possession of a glass containing gold which was standing on the bar of the Green Man, Union-street, Marylebone.

The barmaid, Miss Newton, heard the clink of gold, and held Riley by the coat until the police arrived. He was remanded at Marlborough-street yesterday on charges of theft and assaulting Miss Newton.

KILLED BY A MOTOR-CAR.

In connection with the death of Mr. William Norton, a Civil Service clerk, who was run into by a motor-car while riding his bicycle on Saturday, Mr. Frederick Wilfrid Baily, secretary and manager of the Automobile Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, who owned the car, was remanded on bail at Bromley, Kent, yesterday on a charge of manslaughter.

We are indebted to Mr. Antor, manager of the Carlton Hotel, for the photograph of the St. Regis Hotel, New York, which is reproduced on page 8.

COSTUME NIGHTMARE

Marquis of Anglesey's Theatrical Wardrobe.

RIOT OF COLOUR.

The bewildering assortment of theatrical costumes collected by the Marquis of Anglesey will be disposed of by public auction to-day at Willis's Rooms, St. James's.

The sale of these costumes, and of the Marquis's theatrical jewellery to-morrow, is taking place in London as more convenient for the purpose than Anglesey Castle, where previous sales have been held.

Hundreds of curious visitors and prospective purchasers inspected the amazing examples of the costumier's art, which were spread before their view in 180 lots yesterday preparatory to to-day's sale. Never before had they encountered such a riot of colour and variety of eccentric designs.

Boots and shoes, wigs, hats, caps, and head-dresses of every kind—all presented the same amazing profusion of colour and form.

Some of the costumes and wigs were intended for members of the Gaiety Theatre Company, Anglesey Castle, but the richest, quaintest, and most extravagant were designed for the noble Marquis himself.

Skirt-Dancing "Lots."

Skirt-dancing, one of the Earl's favourite pastimes, is responsible for about twenty-five lots. The most fantastic and costly is Lot 26, which is a red velvet and silk skirt-dancing "Serpentine" skirt, bodice, silk tights, and head ornament.

Other costumes were designed to represent such beings as Mephistopheles, a woodland nymph, a mailed knight, an angel with shimmering wings, and as an eighteenth century "buck."

Richard Cœur de Lion postage-stamp costumes were other passing fancies of the Marquis, as well as the famous Aladdin costume of plum-coloured velvet, with elaborate adornments. This is said to have cost £1,000.

Less ornate, but no less fantastic, costumes were seen in a complete convict's costume, jacket, coat, and breeches, cap, and stockings, and two corduroy suits and a very plebeian waistcoat, which, however, is lined with finest chamois leather.

Garments worn in the characters of the King of Orchids and the King of Flowers, coronation robes of heavy velvet and real ermine, and an Ice King dress, form others of the hundreds of gorgeous costumes to be sold to-day.

Least space of all the lots set out in the catalogue is occupied by 130, "Two clowns' costumes, one green, one yellow." "Should not," said a meditative visitor at the rooms yesterday, "these be bought in?"

VICAR FINDS MURDERED MAN.

Oxfordshire Clergyman's Discovery While Out Shooting.

A mysterious tragedy near Fackley, Oxfordshire, was investigated by the coroner yesterday.

While out shooting the vicar of Wootton happened to pass a shed frequented by tramps, and noticed a foot protruding from beneath a heap of straw and rubbish, but thinking it belonged to a sleeping tramp, he paid no further attention to the matter.

Later, on the information of a tramp, the police removed the debris and found the body of Frank Ernest Shallwood, twenty-eight, carpenter, of Marston-green, Birmingham, with his head battered in.

Thunam had been on the look-out for work, and was proved to have had seven pounds in money and a silver watch upon him. When discovered there was only 10ld. on the body, while his trousers and boots were missing. Near the body was a heavy rail bespattered with blood.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.

DANGERS OF TEETOTALISM.

A man charged at Marylebone yesterday with drunkenness and assaulting two constables pleaded that he had been a teetotaler twelve months.

Mr. Plowden: When a teetotaler runs amok I am not sure he is not worse than a drunken man.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

 THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM ALL PARTS.

The Prince of Wales leaves London at 3.25 this afternoon for Rufford Abbey to visit Lord Savile.

Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., was last night entertained to a complimentary banquet at Perth, his native city.

Mr. Henry Partington, of the North-Western Railway, leaves England on Saturday as railway adviser to the Cape Government.

Three months' imprisonment has been awarded Horace Moss, one of a gang of hooligans who assaulted Miss Emily Greenfield in Camden Town.

GUILTY TO THREE PINTS.

Prisoners in a police-court dock find it to their advantage by the brevity of their defence, to give as little trouble as possible.

A man charged before the Newport Bench with being drunk at Machen had evidently this in view when he tersely replied, "Guilty to three pints."

FREE HOME READING FOR THE BLIND.

The Libraries Committee of the Camberwell Borough Council have had a large supply of literature for the blind, in Braille and other type, introduced into the Central Public Library.

It is announced that for the future it will be available for free home reading for all who require it.

BISHOP WANTS GOOD COOKING.

Much of the misery of this world is due to bad cooking is the experience of the Bishop of Salford.

Speaking at the Failsforth Co-operative Hall his lordship dwelt on the necessity for continuing school education, and said when girls learnt the art of good cooking they would have gone far towards making happier generations.

MISSIONARY FOOTBALLER.

Cumberland county has to find another full-back for the forthcoming county Rugby football matches.

Mr. Charles R. Burnett, who occupied this position for the past four seasons, has entered the ministry, and is shortly leaving England to become a missionary, for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in Trinichopolis, Southern India.

INVENTOR OF A BATH DROWNED.

There is a touch of pathos in the inventor of a new bath committing suicide by drowning.

William Chapman, aged fifty, of Prescott, had been unable to dispose of his patent, and feared he would be unable to pay the tax due at the end of the year, so in despair he laid down in some flow water near Crewe.

The Cheshire coroner said the model of his invention was the production of a man of genius.

NEW FRUITS FOR DESSERT.

London is experiencing a sudden demand for exotic fruits other than those which for years have formed the stereotyped dessert after dinner.

On sale yesterday in a single fruit shop were to be seen Jamaica mangoes, fourpence each, Japanese persimmons twopence-halfpenny, West Indian pomeloes twopence-halfpenny, Neapolitan figs at a penny, and peccan nuts, a South American walnut.

CHEAP ELECTRIC MOTORS.

An exhibition of electric apparatus was opened yesterday afternoon at the Hoxton Public Baths, Finsbury-street, E., under the auspices of the Shoreditch Borough Council.

At the opening ceremony yesterday Mr. C. N. Russell, the borough electrical engineer, said that Shoreditch was essentially a manufacturing centre, and particular attention had been given in the borough to electric motors. The price had been so reduced that he believed one could purchase a half-horse power electric motor for less than the price of a bicycle.

A CHILD HERO.

A little boy, six years of age, named Archie Hansford, whose parents reside at Norman-terrace, East Ham, was playing with his baby sister yesterday, when the latter strayed off the footpath on to the tram lines.

Seeing the approach of an electric car, the little boy rushed after his sister and dragged her into safety, but, in doing so, was knocked down by the car and rendered unconscious.

He was removed to East Ham Hospital, where he was found to be suffering from a broken thigh and other injuries. On regaining consciousness his first inquiry was about his sister.

WILLIAM BAILEY VICTIMISED.

When a popular song makes a highly respectable name a byword throughout the country unexpected troubles befall the rightful owners.

An insurance agent named William Bailey, residing at Brockmoor, near Brierley Hill, had the misfortune while walking along a towing-path to trip over a bank of timber and fall into the canal, breaking his leg.

The lock-keeper sent a messenger for a horse and trap, to take the man home, and a doctor, but for three hours the unfortunate man lay in his wet clothes on the bank unattended. Everyone treated the affair as a hoax, and at one place where the messenger tried to get a trap he was treated with violence.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie will join the ss. Celtic on Friday at Liverpool for New York.

John Burnett, a naval pensioner, has been remanded at Portsmouth charged with murdering his wife.

Sir John Cockburn, former Premier of New South Wales, has been adopted as Conservative candidate for West Monmouth.

Mr. Morley has agreed, on the request of Mr. W. Crookes, M.P., to open the new public library at Woolwich on Saturday, December 17.

Dr. James Wallace, aged eighty, medical officer of health for Greenock, and the oldest practising physician in Scotland, has been found dead in his bed.

BLACK-COATED CASUALS.

At a meeting of the Okehampton Board of Guardians Mr. R. F. Brady, one of the delegates to the recent Poor-law Conference at Weymouth, said he had noticed that a few of their casuals were dark clothes.

In his experience when this class—clerks and men who had seen better days—once got upon the road there was no hope for them; they sank lower and lower, and became confirmed tramps.

When once men degenerated into confirmed tramps they could never be made to work, as they lived better by begging. A resolution was passed "that this board calls the attention of the charitable public to the mischief done by gifts of food and money to vagrants, and to the encouragement of vagrancy caused by such mistaken charity."

WHITBY ON THE WARPATH.

Whitby has come to the conclusion that it has slumbered long enough, and is now showing startling energy in the extension of its municipal undertakings.

It already possesses an electric-light station, and is now promoting a Bill in Parliament for authority to purchase the gasworks, the waterworks, the harbour, and the rights of the Lord of the Manor.

Beyond this ambitious programme it proposes to seek powers to provide for the better regulation of the place as a seaside resort, and also will attempt to revive the ancient jet industry by proceeding against imitations under the Merchandise Marks Act.

UNADRESSED ENVELOPES.

By using the "Outlook" envelope the labour of addressing circulars is obviated. This has an open face of transparent paper, through which can be read the name and address written or typed on the enclosure when properly folded for the purpose.

These have a great vogue in America, and it has been sought to introduce them into this country by reason of their economy in labour for large firms.

The Postmaster-General has, however, forbidden their use. After full consideration he says he is of opinion that "they would be a source of embarrassment to the officers dealing with them."

PRESENTATION TO "FATHER O'FLYNN."

Mr. A. P. Graves, his Majesty's Inspector of Schools in Southwark, and writer of the well-known song, "Father O'Flynn," is being transferred to another sphere of labour, and has been presented with a handsomely illuminated address by the clerical managers and teachers of the catholic schools of South London.

The address is the work of one of the nuns at the Convent of Notre Dame, Southwark, and speaks in warm terms of the kindly interest which Mr. Graves has always shown in the catholic schools, teachers, and children, though he is himself of another communion.

SYPHONS AS FIRE ENGINE.

Wathon Dearn, a village in Yorkshire, does not possess a fire brigade, but can boast of a resourceful chemist.

When a fire broke out in his shop he promptly seized a case of siphons and played on the flames until they were got under.

Rats eating matches caused a fire at a grocery shop at Harleston, Norfolk, yesterday.

For cutting a newspaper at the free library in the Bishopsgate Institute Alfred Richardson has been fined 2s. 6d. at the Guildhall.

Lady King, wife of Sir Seymour King, will open the new model flats of the Kensington Borough Council on November 8.

Outside Euston Station the passenger service was delayed for a short time yesterday afternoon through trucks being derailed during shunting.

GIRLS TO LEARN ROPE-CLIMBING.

Sir J. Crichton-Browne has a firm belief in physical training for children.

Speaking at Saltair he said every boy and girl between the ages of four and fourteen should be taught to swim, to go up a rope hand over hand, and to dance nimbly and gracefully.

LONDON TRAMCAR ON FIRE.

Shortly after one o'clock yesterday afternoon an electric tramcar running between Wood Green and Finsbury Park suddenly caught fire, apparently owing to the fuses becoming ignited.

The car was brought to a stand and cleared of passengers, but some little time was occupied in subduing the outbreak.

PRINCE AS ROYAL COMMISSIONER.

As becomes a royal enthusiast, the Prince of Wales shows the keenest interest in the meetings of the Royal Commission on the Supply of Food and Materials in War Time, of which he is a member.

Yesterday he attended the first meeting after the summer vacation at the Foreign Office.

NEWTOWN'S PIPPINS.

That famous and popular American apple, the Newtown pippin, is now on sale.

This variety hailed originally from Devonshire, and was taken across the Atlantic a couple of centuries ago. In the interval attempts have been made to cultivate the Newtown here for market purposes, but the fruit then loses its rich, aromatic flavour. It is named after Newtown, on Long Island, U.S.A.

WANTED PRISON AT ONCE.

Summoned at Beckenham for the education rate, Mr. Councillor J. S. Brunning, who on the last occasion went to prison for seven days for refusing to pay 7d., asked the Bench to make an order for commitment at once, to save time, trouble, and expense. He had no effects, and would not pay if he had.

The Bench said they could not grant the application. The law must take its usual course.

NEWARK'S ANCIENT CUSTOM.

Last Sunday the church bells of Newark were rung for an hour at sunset to obtain the fees left by one Gofor over 200 years ago.

The donor was a merchant who had lost his way in a thief-infested forest five miles from Newark, and was guided to the town by the church bells.

In gratitude for his deliverance he bequeathed a sum of money for ringing the bells on six successive Sundays twelve weeks before Christmas.

CURFEW FOR DOGS.

At a meeting of the Warwickshire Farmers' Association at Birmingham, Mr. G. E. Collett (Alcester) brought forward the subject of sheep-worrying by dogs, and stated that while an offending dog might be shot, if caught, the only way of obtaining redress otherwise was to sue the owner, who, perhaps, had nothing with which to pay the damages that might be awarded.

He proposed a resolution in favour of the dog-tax being raised to 15s. per annum, that no exemptions be allowed, and that no dogs be permitted out later than half-an-hour before sunset nor earlier than half-an-hour before sunrise, unless under control.

"NO TIPS" TRIUMPH.

Brilliant Success of the Battle Against Gratuities.

The first pitched battle in the campaign against tipping was fought in Piccadilly, and the "no-tippers" scored a splendid victory.

At half-past eleven the "Piccadilly Pop," Lyons's new restaurant, where "no tips" is the rule, was thrown open to the public, and there was at once a tremendous rush of hungry "no-tippers." The people flowed in in one continuous stream until there was not a single seat vacant.

At a quarter-past twelve a commissionaire was posted at the entrance with a stated formula, "No room for a few minutes, gentlemen." And he repeated this with unflinching fifteen seconds' regularity until 2.45, when he changed it by declaring courteously to ladies that "tea would be served in fifteen minutes."

There are close upon two thousand seats in the restaurant, and these were all occupied for the whole of the luncheon-hour. And not one tip was taken by any one of the 400 waiters.

One bold man, curious to see what the effect would be, ignored the many printed requests that no tips should be given, and smuggled a sixpence into a waiter's hand.

"No, thank you, sir," said the man respectfully but independently, and passed the silver coin upon the table in full view of everybody.

This was the new revolutionary era in eating inaugurated yesterday.

BEAR IN A TAILOR'S SHOP.

Madame Batavia Measured for a Heliotrope Gown.

Strand pedestrians gave way to some excitement yesterday at the appearance of Madame Batavia, the trained bear from the Italian Circus in Argyle-street.

Her ursine ladyship drove in a neat open carriage drawn by four fat ponies, with a dwarf and a giant in attendance as footmen.

Madame Batavia was conducted with great ceremony into the private room of a popular tailor's shop to be measured for a lady's costume.

In spite of her docile behaviour the assistants and the cutter did not seem to relish getting too close to their furry customer.

There was something in the wide, sweeping move of her arms, or fore paws, that suggested she was aching to hug some one.

When the cutter came up with his tape the bear made friendly overture by patting him on the shoulder, causing beads of perspiration to break out on his brow.

Madame Batavia measured 6 feet in length, 44 inches round the chest, 41 inches round the waist, and 25 inches in length of her fore arms, or legs. The costume selected was of heliotrope, with a long train.

MAGICAL "CLOTHES BRUSH."

Ingenious Device for Cleansing Garments by an Electric Air Pump.

The clothes brush is threatened with extinction. The latest thing for cleaning clothes is a vacuum cleaner, guaranteed to take every particle of dust and dirt out of a man's clothing, and to work much more quickly than a clothes brush, which only removes matter from the surface of the cloth.

The vacuum cleaner works on the same principle as the apparatus for cleansing furniture. It was installed at a West End hotel yesterday, and many ladies and gentlemen were having their clothes cleaned by the novel process.

Down in the basement of the hotel was an air-pump driven by electricity. From this a long tube ran to the little instrument in the hall of the hotel.

An attendant was busy passing this over the clothes of the customers, and as he did so all the dirt was drawn from the cloth into the machine as if by magic. It is said that many other leading hotels are about to instal similar machines.

TRAMS AID TEMPERANCE.

Cheaper Transit Takes Working Men Away from Public Houses.

Publicans in the poorer parts of London are complaining bitterly of the effect the electric tram-cars have upon their trade.

They say that on a fine Sunday the sale of alcohol is now much less than it used to be.

Before the electric cars came into vogue many working men used to wait and smoke outside their favourite public-houses until they opened at one o'clock.

Now the cars are crowded after ten o'clock in the morning with men on their way to Tooting, Kew, Richmond, and Uxbridge. They get a fine ride, enjoy the country air, and if they should want it can get beer at all hours, because they are travellers without a ticket.

But many of them take wives and children on these trips, and there is no doubt that the electric cars have done more for temperance than many lectures.

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NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1904.

UGLY AND CRUEL.

IT looks as if the war were about to become really interesting again. Our cartoonist this morning suggests that General Kuropatkin is merely trying to kill the enemy with his mouth. But we shall be surprised if he does not follow up his words with blows. Then we shall once more have some exciting news.

In Russian and Japanese homes there will be news, too—news of dear ones dead, news of limbs torn off and bodies mangled, news of all the horrors which have always followed in war's train and which in modern campaigns are so much more conspicuous than the "romance of war."

There is very little romance in warfare nowadays. It is so much a matter of calculation, of long-range weapons used by combatants who never see one another, of scientific precision and carefully-prepared plans. Generals no longer prance about on their Arab chargers, waving their swords and bidding their men follow them to death or victory. They wear spectacles and sit a long way off, poring over tables covered with maps.

And since the romance has gone, the horrors leave a more vivid impression. The remarkable photographs we publish this morning show war as it really is—a pitiful, ghastly, sickening business to contemplate in cold blood. Wars are inevitable, and will be, probably, for centuries to come. But even poets have given up trying to idealise away the ugliness and cruelty of war.

LESS BEER AND LESS WHISKY.

Coupled with the admission by a brewery company's chairman that less beer is being drunk comes a renewed wail over the depression in the Scottish whisky trade. It is an ill wind, says the proverb, which blows nobody good. If the present scarcity of money results in finding any considerable number of people from the habit of drinking too much, it will not have been wholly a misfortune.

If drinking too much were confined to a few, brewers and spirit distillers would no longer amass huge fortunes. They would still earn a good living; but they would not be able to buy peerages. Their enormous wealth depends upon the willingness of an enormous number of their fellow-creatures to make beasts of themselves.

Beer is being drunk less because working-men are better educated and have more comfortable homes. That is the only way to make a man sober. Offer him something pleasanter than bar-loading and he will jump at it. Persuade him that it is better to drink a couple of glasses in a cheerful home than a dozen in a frowsy public-house, and the trick is done.

Spirits are drunk to excess mostly by a class above the working-man in social precedence, though often below him in sobriety. For the victim of the "nipping" habit the remedy is the same as for the beer-swiller. Only convince him that he would be better off if he made whisky his servant instead of his master, and the cure will be complete.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The First Fire.

I do not like the fire that sheds
Its first red ruby glow,
And warmth about my study spreads,
Because it tells, I know,
Of Winter treading on the heels
Of Autumn brown and bright—
And Winter ne'er to me reveals
A picture of delight.
I loathe the bitter wind that blows
Across the Arctic ice,
To give you influenza throes
And grip you in a vice.
I hate to shiver as I take
My way along the street,
With head that throbs and limbs that ache
And chilblains on my feet.

—Mr. G. R. Sims.

"Yes," said the man who uses old-fashioned phrases, "my daughter can make a piano fairly talk."

"If that piano was talking," answered Mr. Cumroo, "the nature of its remarks must have been something fearful."—Washington Star.

KUROPATKIN TAKES THE OFFENSIVE AT LAST.



For some time no speeches have been made in Manchuria. Now General Kuropatkin has decided to put forth a tremendous effort to crush the Japanese armies. This is how he sets about the task.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

YESTERDAY New College, Oxford, celebrated the 500th anniversary of the death of William of Wykeham, and Dr. Spooner, the warden, famous for his "Spoonerisms" (there is no other word for them), was very much in evidence. One of his latest efforts in this line was while reproaching an undergraduate for wasting two terms of his course. "I am sorry," he said, "to have to speak so severely to you, but I am informed that you have broken many rules of the college, you have been incorrigibly lazy, and to cap it all you have deliberately tasted two worms."

He roused sympathetic feelings among the boating men of the college when he declared in chapel that "Peter coxed, and the crew went out and wept bitterly." Another extract from a sermon, "Who is there among us that has never felt a half-warmed fish within his breast?" is a classic. He was once put to a good deal of inconvenience owing to his strange habit of transposing words. He was discovered wandering about Greenwich inquiring in vain for an hotel called "The Dull Man."

His search was a long one, for he refused to believe the statement that there was no hotel in the place. It was only after he had explained his identity to a preternaturally sharp policeman that the problem was solved. "What you want," said the policeman, "is not 'The Dull Man' at Greenwich, but 'The Green Man' at Dulwich." He did.

Mr. Henry Wood, the conductor of the Queen's Hall orchestra, does not seem to be content with his success as a musician, for he has entered his name as a student at an art school in St. John's Wood, and means to wield the brush as well as the baton. One thing about Mr. Wood is that he is a native product. He was born in London, and his musical education was carried out at the Royal Academy of Music. The only thing foreign about him is his wife, for he is married to a beautiful Russian.

He often says he ought to be a German, though, for even Queen Victoria was quite surprised to find that he was English after he had conducted a most successful concert before her. As he cannot lay claim to foreign birth, he has to confine his claims to being a musician to his music, his long hair, and the fact that he was an infant prodigy. By the time he was six he could play almost anything, his tastes inclining to Mozart and Haydn, as well as Bach and Beethoven. Before he was ten he was proficient on the organ, and was appointed deputy-organist of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury.

Lord Dunraven has played many parts in his time, and if he had been on the spot when his historical castle in Glamorganshire caught fire he would have added that of fireman to the list. He

has been an officer in the Guards, a war correspondent, a Viceregal aide-de-camp, an Under-Secretary, a Royal Commissioner, an author, the proprietor of a newspaper, been connected with theatrical enterprises, tried to win the America Cup, and commanded a regiment of "sharpshooters" in the South African war. His writings include books on such different subjects as trade, navigation, and travel. He has had to be a busy man all his life to get so much into his sixty-four years.

Mr. "Jimmy" Glover, who has received such a heavy blow by the death of his wife, is a unique character in London, and the first night of Drury Lane pantomime would be lost without him. On Boxing-night when his great person rears itself in the orchestra, it is a signal for wild applause. Then, standing facing the house, he conducts not only the orchestra, but the audience, for they insist on joining in the overture, which is always a medley of well-known airs.

He does not conduct with arms alone. His whole body seems to take part. He nods, he waves, he bows, he stretches out his arms as though to embrace the whole house, he smiles and frowns. Even his expressive front lock of hair does its share. "Jimmy" Glover and the overture are the most exciting part of the whole production.

Mrs. Thurston, whose novel, "John Chilcote, M.P.," has proved such a wonderful success, is quite a newcomer in the field of literature. It was no further back than last year that she published her first novel, "The Circle." "John Chilcote, M.P." must be a success from the financial point of view, too. It appeared first as a serial in the "Daily Mail," and in book form at the same time. Now Mr. George Alexander has bought the dramatic rights.

The wife of an Irish journalist, Mrs. Thurston comes from Cork, and is the daughter of the late Alderman Madden, Lord Mayor of that city and a staunch supporter of Parnell. Like so many other literary folk she delights in the Thames, and lives at Kew for that reason.

"Even a dean can drivel." This is the verdict passed—not by a secular organ, but by the grave and revered "Church Quarterly"—upon a recent book by Dr. Pigou, who has just been so sternly denouncing the "week-end habit." The book, the Dean of Bristol himself admits, was written simply to make money, upon which the comment is that no excuse for producing "pot-boilers" can shelter the holder of one of our best-endowed deaneries. Further, the dean's grammar is shown to be deplorably weak, and the "Church Quarterly" declares that he spoils his stories even when they are good ones by his feeble way of telling them.

A STORY OF THE MOMENT.

Admiral Hedworth Lambton and the "M.V.O."

THE lavishness with which the Victorian Order has been granted to all sorts of people has caused a good deal of amusement in the Army and Navy. In fact, a member of either service is far from pleased to hear that he has the privilege to wear a decoration which is conferred on the station-master who receives a royal train or the conductor of a band which performs before the King.

The King knows this now, for he was told about it only a short time ago by Rear-Admiral Hedworth Lambton, who has just been appointed to command the cruiser squadron in the Mediterranean.

It happened at Cowes. The King and Admiral Lambton, who was in command of the royal yacht, were leaning over the stern talking when a well-known, but not popular, yachtsman passed on his boat. He manoeuvred his yacht close to the royal yacht, and forced himself on the King's notice.

"Do you know that man?" asked the King of Admiral Lambton. "Yes, Sir," said the Admiral. "I am afraid I do."

"What do you think of him?" continued the King.

"Not much, Sir. In fact, he's a bounder," answered Admiral Lambton, who always says what he thinks.

"I'm sorry to hear that," replied his Majesty, "because I have just made him a member of the Victorian Order."

"Glad to hear it, Sir," chuckled the Admiral. "It serves him d—d well right." That is how it happened that he had to explain what is thought of the Victorian Order in the services.

IN THE GARDEN.

Already Dame Frost is playing pitiful havoc with the flowers that have survived the summer. Only a few more nights have to pass, and the sunflowers, the dahlias, and the asters, together with such a host of other species, will have all succumbed to her cruel, spiteful nip.

But no harm at present can she do the Michaelmas daisies, the chrysanthemums, and the fuchsias, which are almost at their best, and imparting life—even gaiety—to many a small country garden. In the larger gardens great clumps of pampas grass and Japanese anemones look resplendent in the fickle, autumnal sunshine.

The great flower, however, of the day is the wee fuchsia. True, society despises it with almost vehemence. Its home is in the cottage window and cottage garden—two places where it reigns supreme—a glorious mass of green and brilliant colours, delighting the hearts of all who behold it.

"I bought some of that mixture the agent said would cure my husband of drinking if I dropped it in his coffee."

"Did it cure him of drinking?"

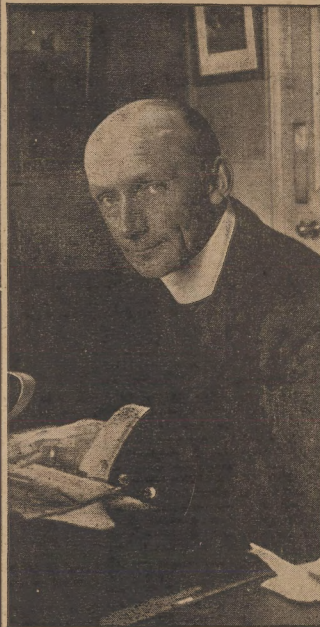
"Yes—of drinking coffee."—Le Rire.

BOARD AND LODGING £20,000 A YEAR.

REFORMER OF DRUNKARDS.



The St. Regis Hotel, New York, built by Mr. John Jacob Astor. It is believed to be the most magnificent hotel in the world, and is intended solely for the accommodation of patrons of the wealthiest class. Millionaires can live here comfortably for £20,000 a year.



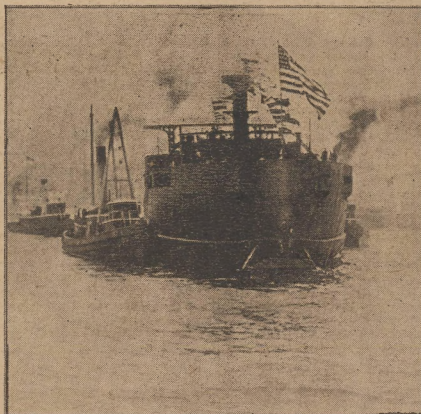
Rev. Hugh Chapman, vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, who has discovered a cure for drunkenness. He will be pleased to hear from anyone who wishes to be cured.

THE CONCERTINA MAN.



Zutka, dressed in pierrot's attire, the phenomenon who was shown at the Hippodrome yesterday for the first time. He is as pliable as a concertina, and can be compressed into a two-foot box.

PLOT TO SINK A BATTLESHIP.



The new United States battleship Connecticut, which was recently launched at the New York Navy Yard. Two attempts were made to damage this vessel during the launching ceremony.



The sea at Mostyn, on the Flintshire shore of the estuary of the Dee, is rapidly encroaching upon the London and North-Western Railway Company's line to Holyhead, and an army of 500 workmen are now engaged building a great embankment to protect the railway line from destruction by the tide. These pictures show a huge gap made by the sea and also the men at work constructing the new embankment.—(See page 2.)

THROUGH THE

THE HORROR



A Japanese cavalryman who, though shot through the wound dressed.—(Copy)

AFTER A HEAVY



An appalling scene on the battlefield: Japanese soldier in battle in Manchuria. One of their comrades is seen.



A pitifully-pathetic accompaniment of warfare. Dead during a fight by the Russians as rifle shelter.

AMERA LENS

ARFARE.



and immediately to his post after having his
er's Weekly.)

FIGHTING.



the woods for their wounded at the close of a big
the foreground.—(Copyright of "Collier's

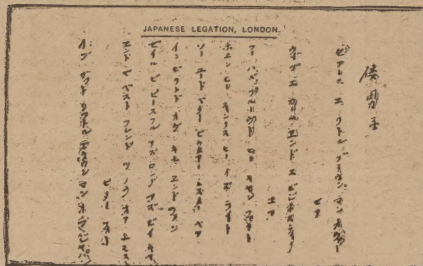


battlefield. The thick shrubbery was used
ces.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

"THE LITTLE BROWN MAN OF JAPAN."



Miss Dolly McCalla, the clever child actress, who is sing-
ing "The Little Brown Man of Japan" at the Camberwell
Palace of Varieties this week.

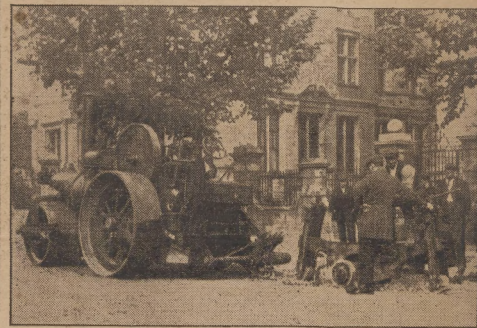


This is the chorus of "The Little Brown Man of Japan,"
written in Japanese for Miss McCalla by an official at
the Japanese Legation.—(Thomson.)

LONDON'S IMPROVEMENTS.



The alterations at Buckingham Palace are being rapidly
carried out, where the old gates are being replaced by two
beautiful replicas of "The Secretary's Gate."



The Embankment is also undergoing repairs. Above is seen
the "scarifier" at work, drawn by a traction engine, plough-
ing up the roadway.

PRETTY ENTRIES FOR THE "DAILY MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



ITHAMAR GOBEL, of Watford.



DOROTHY GLOVER, of Wandsworth.



NANCY MENDELSSOHN, of Portman-
street, W.

THE AMERICAN GORDON-BENNETT.



Mr. George Heath (recognised by a +), an American, who, with his 90-h.p. Panhard
car, won the automobile race for the Vanderbilt Cup at Long Island. Mr. Heath,
who represented the Automobile Club of France, is seen in the above picture with
his winning car.

IS THIS YOUR HOUSE?



A prize of £2 2s. will be awarded the
tenant of this house if he applies to the
Daily Mirror within a week with proof
of his tenancy.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

wanted; £5 5s.—Student, 22, Fentiman-rd, Clapham-rd.

licensed tyres, two rim brakes, accessories; approval, cash wanted; £5 5s.—Student, 22, Fentiman-rd, Clapham-rd.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 13 and 16.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 13 and 16.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Travail of Her Soul.

Hilda's return to consciousness had many stages. The first time that she was conscious of herself she stirred and moaned, clasping and unclasping her small, clenched hands, as an infant sometimes preludes his waking. For some moments she knew only a delicious languor, an all-pervading well-being. Gradually this feeling deepened, her senses were held in a trance of ecstasy; she moved through a white world, through an orchard in its dress of spring blossoms.

In the air hung a little mist, as of early morning, which thickened and grew chill. She shivered. Surely this cold was of autumn's frost rather than the year's childhood? It grew apace, dense and more dense, a wall that shut out happiness. Again Hilda shivered, opened her eyes, tried out, sat up.

The orchard, the white-capped trees, fled to the dim world of dreams from which they had come. Instead were four white, plastered walls, guiltless of windows, a white ceiling, broken by one small opaque skylight, and herself—a poor, trapped girl. Then, with a sudden, awful horror, she realised her state.

She had been stripped of her clothes, the trim grey coat and skirt, the blouse, and had been dressed—dear heaven! in what? Something spangled and gauzy—almost transparent. She stretched out her rounded arms; a sleeve fell away from them like a wing, leaving them in their whiteness, threaded with heavy bangles.

She sprang from the bed. Something clinked round her slim ankles, not unusually—more bangles. She stared round the bare room desperately; on one of the walls was let in a long, narrow mirror; it reflected the white wall opposite, rendering itself almost unnoticed. She ran up to it, and uttered a low cry of horror.

She was dressed like an Indian dancing girl. Oh, she knew them well enough; she had seen them before, rings and bangles, spangled robe and all. As she stared at herself in horror it almost seemed that the wall behind grew to a white temple, fringed by graceful, drooping trees and proud palms.

She clasped her hands to her breast; their coldness chilled her through the flimsy clothes. She was conscious of one moment of withering pain, the feeling of personal degradation.

She flung herself back on the bed, huddled herself in the one poor blanket which covered it, and burst into a storm of tearless sobs.

Her grief, her shame, were too deep for tears. She wept in one moment of cruelly tricked. What had she done that man had sent her so bitter a punishment? Why had faith and love and hope—something dearer still—been destroyed in one cruel blow of adversity?

But finally her grief spent itself. She was exhausted; shame, the anger of degradation, gave place to a weaker emotion of self-pity. She was accompanied by tears of sheer physical fatigue. She sat up, pushing back her hair from her face, and looked about her through her tear-filled eyes.

Why had she been brought here? For what purpose—by whom? For one brief moment, when her awakening mind groped through the drugged dimness, she had had visions of dark faces bending over her, of hands not unkindly, which handled her as they might have handled a child. This remembrance, coming back to her, banished efficiently all thought of her husband, Robert Ferris, as a factor in the matter. No, the old man who had decoyed her to the so-called restaurant was connected in some way with the baleful race so strangely mixed up in her life—the race which had exercised so singular a fascination over Roderick Maxwell, her father, as to make him, in defiance of all law or precedent, leave her in the guardianship of a man alien in race and creed.

Vague, formless ideas passed through her brain, like the intangible patterns of a kaleidoscope which scatter before the mind can grasp them. The murder of Hushnut Bismar, the woman who met her in the street, the strange noises during her vigil in that house, the hideous, sensual face of the grinning negro, all these ran out a rapid chain of memory, link upon link. Then, further—the eyes of the man who had drugged her, and an exclamation in a tongue unknown, yet vaguely understandable, which the Indian in that smoke-filled room had uttered as he caught her reeling figure. This was a knot which stopped the rapid sliding out of that mental chain. She put up her hands to her aching, throbbing brow, and tried hard to remember.

The thought eluded her. What was the phrase in that strange, liquid tongue? "Daughter of Sujata, hail!" No, no, it was only one of the dreams she had dreamed. Only a dream, only a dream—the phrase was heart-racking; it brought with it a flood of memories, the scene where Robert Ferris had held her in his arms, tied to her even while he kissed her. And she had loved this man! Even in the hour of her grief and fear she used the past tense to herself.

For a time the thought of Ferris braced her. She had escaped from him, not happily, to be sure; yet escaped. Would it not be possible to evade these people who had entrapped her?

But how—in these clothes? The question was

desperate. She looked in vain for a trace of her missing clothes—for a trace of them, under the bed, beneath the mattress and pillow. The place was utterly bare, save for the bed and this one brown blanket. She draped it round her. Could she escape into the London streets in such a guise—a combination of the costumes of the extreme poles—the squaw of the Arctic zone, the nautch girl of the Equator?

There was one way of escape, however, in which costume mattered nothing; if the worst came to the worst, she could die. Yet, as she looked round the bare room, the thought obtruded itself upon her that there was no weapon to her hand—the very mirror built into the wall mocked her; she could not break it, fashion a weapon with sharp, jagged edges. Then she looked down mechanically on her small, be-tinged fingers; could these protect or damage her. The flashing stones were as so many eyes which mocked her. She tore at them, flung them from her; they ran, rolling and tinkling, to the four corners of the room. She tore at the bangles which hampered feet and wrists. They were too cunningly fashioned; they resisted her every effort to remove them. With bruised, bleeding fingers she cried out in the frenzy to which she had worked herself.

At this moment there was a sound as of a key turning in the lock. Hilda rushed to the door and flung herself against it, as though by her slight weight to impede the entry of whoever stood without. But beyond the quiver which the wood gave as she rushed against it nothing happened. The door did not yield—she heard no sound of retreating footsteps. She crouched there, in a wild attitude of defiance, for ten minutes which seemed ten hours, then crept back dizzily to her seat on the bed.

She felt no need of food, though it was now nearly forty-eight hours since she had tasted any, but her throat was burning; the drug which the man had administered had left a legacy of thirst behind—strange, burning, ill-defined thirst, which in some vague way seemed to contribute to her sense of personal degradation.

Presently her ears became conscious of a dim sound, a faint throbbing in the air, so distant and indeterminate that she could not give it a name, but which some strange instinct told her was the sound of some musical instrument.

She sat rigid, listening intently, expectantly. What she expected she had no idea—it was something unknown, something which in no way was to do with the fear of her present position, yet something which, while fascinating in itself, was vaguely repugnant to her instincts.

The throbbing grew louder. The room thrilled with it. Undoubtedly it was music—she could hear it distinctly now—the sound of tom-toms and wailing pipes. The sound called to her; the air seemed vibrant with strange messages. She stood up slowly, and stretched out her hands in front of her. She felt her heart pound in her breast, her nerves fluttered; slowly, with an indescribable grace, she raised her arms above her head. The many bangles with which they were encumbered clinked loudly, a languid accompaniment to the music now growing so loud that it seemed to be playing within the room.

Moved by an impulse over which she had no control, Hilda moved forward to the centre of the room. Her body trembled, slightly at first, then pulsatingly, a shudder or shiver which seemed to shake every limb.

Was she going mad? Fear of the most terrible kind assailed her. What if they had given her some drug which would rob her of her reason, make her nothing but an animate body, a tool ready to their hands?

Even as these questions surged in her brain she was turning slowly, posturing, moving, her little body bowing before the force of an invisible will.

The air seemed thick with the noise of the wailing pipes; the drums beat on her brain like the strokes of a hammer. Softly, rhythmically, her naked feet began to beat the bare floor, an answering stamp to each cruel beat of the relentless tom-toms.

A pungent odour, as of incense, seemed to fill the room, a heavy smell of some strong, overpowering Eastern scent, which struck on her numbed senses with the impact of a blow, and with it this unwilling energy of her body became more urgent, the posturing movement of her arms and the rhythmic clatter of her bangles more incessant.

The movement not only became more rapid, it changed. Where before she had not moved from one point of the floor, gliding, swaying, posturing, now she began to whirl round and round the room. An utter abandonment possessed her; strange new figures of this dance of madness forced themselves into her brain. On, on; madder, madder, wilder, wilder, the frenzy grew. Heavens! She tried to pray, tried to form a supplication, to cry aloud for deliverance from this inferno of movement, this saturnalia of sound. The words failed her. Strange, uncouth sounds issued from her lips, a weird, chanting song—a strange invocation.

The Light—that was the god to whom she prayed, for whom she longed. The Light—All-holy, Life-giving—blinding also, and devastating. The Darkness—darkness of the tongue, the tongue, the sense of what she chanted came to her horrified brain as she whirled on.

The pipes changed from wailing to screeching. As Tam o' Shanter must have felt that night of horror so Hilda felt as she gyrated. But with the increase of speed and sound she became less con-

scious of herself, of her horror at this possession, this obsession.

Faster! The light was fading, but what of that? Like the owner of the Red Shoes, she must go on for ever, till the superior world called a halt. The bangles jangled and clashed; the tawdry, spangled draperies, invested now with a ghostly beauty by the dying light which filtered through the opaque skylight, floated out like clouds around her. On—on—on, till her stifled breath gave out, her naked feet were cut and bleeding with the bare uneven boards.

Suddenly the music stopped, the wailings of the pipes died away, the vibrating air became filled with a sanctifying silence.

Hilda's wild dance stopped with the music. She staggered, flung out her arms, and fell face downwards across the bed.

When Hilda woke from the sleep of sheer fatigue, which had clouded her senses for many more hours than she could have imagined, the room was in total darkness. For a minute or two she lay staring into the black curtain of the night, without any very clear recollection of where she was. Then the night became as a friend, a consoler, for it lent its dark mantle to cover her up.

With a rush memory came back to her, the memory of the saturnalia—the dance in which she had indulged. The blood rushed, hot and burning, to her face, crept scaldingly painful down her neck. In the darkness she covered her flushed face with her hands, with some blind desire to shut out herself from herself.

Her sense of self-respect, the most tender instincts of her womanhood were offended. Instinctively she felt that she had lent herself to some strange rite, some unknown ceremony, of which in her right senses she had no conception.

Now she could pray—hot palpitating words. She slipped from the bed, knelt down by the side, and poured out her soul in supplication. The very concentration of her will upon this act soothed and comforted her. She felt enveloped in peace, strengthened, emboldened for the conflict she knew lay before her.

After a time she stood up and then lay down on the bed again. But now, as so frequently happens after moments of intense mental exaltation, her spirit sank to its very lowest depth. Fear gripped her again.

Of what avail had been her prayer? The evil influence present in the room had overwhelmed the good. What if this moment the music should sound again; those thin, shrilling pipes call aloud their message? Could she resist, cling to the faith within her and be saved?

She remembered that in old days, when men did battle with the Evil One, the sign of the cross, the invocation of the sacred name, had been enough to drive him from them. Yet she had cried, and in the cry sent her soul in vain. Nevertheless, in the darkness, half-furtively, half-ashamed, she made the sacred sign on brow and breast.

Now to fear and fatigue were added the pangs of hunger. Thirst she had endured, it seemed gone from her now. She only knew that the pain of very starvation was upon her. As men in fever from extreme exposure seek well-spread tables, and wake from uneasy slumbers to find them mere feasts of Barmecide, so Hilda, half-light-headed with what she had undergone, saw again the table in the dining-room at Woburn-square, saw the shaded lamplight play on those suppers she had despised.

Suddenly a sound outside the door roused her to alert watchfulness. Every nerve in her body was tense, as she crouched on the bed. What could she do? What weapon lay ready to her hand against the enemy, be it black man or white, or deceiving woman?

The door was flung widely open. A flood of light from some lamp outside spread into the room, intensifying its darkness. The doorway was a square patch of vivid orange against which the outline of a woman's figure was silhouetted with sharp distinctness.

(To be continued.)

JEWISH GRACE DARLINGS.

Heroic Sisters Rescue Wrecked Sailors from Death.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BUCHAREST, Wednesday.—The great storm which raged in the Black Sea last week was the occasion of an act of unexampled heroism on the part of two young girls.

During the height of the gale a small coasting schooner was driven ashore near Kastovazca, some distance north of Kustendji. A tremendous sea dashed over the wreck, carrying away both masts and two out of the crew of six.

The villagers, having nothing but a small boat, were afraid to go to the rescue, and we should hardly have been able to find the breakers there over the survivors. Finally, an old bed-ridden Jew named Jais, hearing the news, declared that he would go to the rescue if it cost him his life, but in attempting to launch the boat he was knocked down by a wave and stunned.

Jais's two daughters then resolved to go to the rescue. Though foiled again and again by the sea, they last succeeded in dragging the boat through the surf, and rowed bravely towards the schooner.

The boat was soon under the schooner's lee. One by one the exhausted sailors dropped in, and the frail craft started for land.

The two brave girls and the men they had saved succeeded in reaching land.

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Derk P. Yonkerman, Specialist,
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consumption has startled
the World.

Marvellous as it may seem after the centuries of failure, a cure for consumption has at last been found. After twenty years of almost ceaseless research and experiment in his laboratory, the now renowned specialist, Derk P. Yonkerman, has discovered a specific which has cured the deadly Consumption even in its far advanced stages. In many cases, though all other remedies tried had failed, and changes of climate were unable to check the progress of the disease, this wonderful specific has conclusively proved its power to cure. Whatever your position in life may be, if you are in consumption, or suffer from asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, or any throat or lung trouble, this cure is within your reach, for it is a home treatment and need not interfere in any way with your daily occupation. Prove for yourself its healing power.

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